

The Church

>Be 14.

>Be in Canada, southern Ontario.

>Move up North, podunk town in the middle of nowhere.

>Notice a church.

>Church is in middle of nowhere, even moreso than the town itself.

>Hike to church. Notice that no animals or plants in area, not even grass. Mild NOPE at this point, but press on.

>Reach the church-proper. Holy shit, it's like people haven't been here 100 years. The gargoyles are falling apart, the roof is crumbling. Curiously, no graffiti, no signs of ANYONE visiting this place since it stopped being used. NOPE continues.

>Try door. Locked. This holds true for all the doors.

>Fuck it, break a window, climb in. Nothing in church that is out of the ordinary. Moudly pews, crumbling wooden altar. Curiously, no crosses nor sign of any having been here.

>Climb to the top of large steeple. The NOPE is strong with this one, but against my better judgement, I press further.

>Staircase feels like it takes an hour to ascend. Must have been no more than one hundred, maybe one-fifty, feet high. Oh well, was scared shitless, so it probably DID take that long.

>Reach the top. No bells. Again, weird. Find a chest or jewel box or some shit. Dunno what the term is.

>Box is completely unique in design. Opens like any other, but the actual designs were messed up and quite hard to describe.

>Open the box. Inside is a small jewel. I look into the jewel, as one imagines a scryer does her crystal ball.

>NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPENOPE.

>Look up. To this day I wish I hadn't.

>Shadows are writhing (a phenomena I've seen many times; you know those occasions in which you look a shadow in the dark, and it is TOO dark, and it moves about in ways that can't be explained? That). I see a set of eight holes in the shadow that were constant, like eyes.

>It SPOKE in a language I've never heard. Ever. And I'm an

amateur linguist (among other hobbies). I shit my pants and left.

>I NOPEd the whole way home (I had left to the church at around 11:00AM or so and by the time I left it was approaching 7:00PM, just getting dark. Ever since, I've been seeing those damnable shadow-eyes ever since.

>Ever since, I've been haunted by unexplainable beings. This sounds made up, but I've seen everything from bandaged men made of blood, to lizards striped as a zebra, to outright god-like beings.

Yeah, it's unbelievable. Sue me, it happened.